

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

100 Per Annum

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, OCTOBER 9, 1891.

VOL. XII, NO. 26

J. F. RICE,
Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE—OVER B. F. HENRY'S
DRUG STORE.
RESIDENCE WITH J. W. BARNARD

O. W. AVERY,
Electric Physician
Will give special attention to the treatment
of chronic diseases. Office over Fout's Drug
store, West side square. Office hours from
1:30 a. m. to 12 m. and 1 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

G. A. GOBEN,
Surgeon and Gynecologist.
OFFICE—One door south of southeast cor-
ner square. Visits in town \$1.50 each; in the
country \$2.00 per mile. Bills due when pa-
tient is discharged.

DR. T. H. BOSCOOW
From the
4th to the 24th of Each Month
He treats chronic or long standing disease
successfully, especially diseases of the lungs,
throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc.
Nervous affections and all diseases arising
from impure blood. Office two doors east of
Hall's dry goods store.

H. S. STRICKLAND,
Homeopathic
Physician and Surgeon
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

J. W. MARTIN,
Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE—B. F. HENRY'S Drug Store, south
side

A. P. WILLARD,
Physician and Surgeon
Continues to practice in all branches of the
profession. Special attention given to chronic
diseases. Office up stairs in brick block north
side square. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to
5 p. m.

P. F. GREENWOOD,
Attorney-at-Law,
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Over First National Bank, first door
to the right.

J. S. MCCARTY
Attorney-at-Law
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
OFFICE—Over Weaver Bros. Grocery store.

S. L. PROUGH,
Attorney-at-Law
KIRKSVILLE, MO.
All business entrusted to my care will re-
ceive prompt attention. OFFICE—Over J.
Fowler's Drugstore, West side.

J. C. THATCHER,
Insurance
—AND—
Land Agent
South Side of the Square, Kirksville, Mo.
The oldest and most reliable Agency in the
city. Established 1875.

JOHN M. DAVIS,
Pension and Claim Agent
OFFICE—Over Brown's Harness
Shop.

*Pensions, Bonuses and all other claims
against the government, prosecuted with
promptness; also notary public. Pensioners
when having vouchers filled must bring certifi-
cates.

JOHN ROBERTS,
Boot and Shoemaker
All work guaranteed. Fine sewed work a
specialty. Third door East of the North-east
corner of the square.

R. M. BUCKMASTER
Dealer in all kinds of
Musical Instruments
Store at residence, No. 115 Franklin street,
second door east of Evans' Grocery. Fine pi-
ano and organs in stock. Call and examine.

PENSIONS.
THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.
Soldiers Disabled Since The War
Are Entitled.

Dependent widows and parents now dependent
whose sons died from the effects of army ser-
vice are included. If you wish your claim
speedily and successfully presented, address
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner
Washington, D. C.

Dr. B. C. AXTELL, Surgeon and

Mechanical Dentist
Is thoroughly pre-
pared to do all pro-
fessional work in the
most masterly and
durable manner. Con-
siderable time in all
cases. Prices reason-
able on gold plates and
aluminum plates. No pain
in extracting by aid of
vitalized air. En-
dorsed by the dental and medical profes-
sion as safe and harmless for adults and chil-
dren.

**SECOND HAND GOODS BOUGHT
AND SOLD.**
All kinds of repairing promptly
done by

J. B. BURT, 116 SOUTH ELSON
Street, Second door south of
J. B. Caskey's.

THE CHILD'S FACE.

BY E. W. SHURTLEFF.

There's nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is all divine,
Than the smile of a little child!

So sweet it is, so simple,
And yet so angel-wise,
With the peace of God on the dear smooth
brow,
And the love of Christ in the eyes.

The slender lips, half-parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seemed so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O, little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I know,
And the light and the hope of that sweet
world,
Like the dawn, are breaking through.

Back to the Old Farm.

Copyrighted.

CHAPTER VII.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

"Well, of all the queer fellows I
ever saw, you are the oddest," said
happy Jack, raising himself upon
his elbow. "What! do you mean
to tell me you are back in the city
to stay?"

"Yes."
"Where are you working?"
"In the bank."
"The old home lost its charms
for you did it?"

"No."
"Then why did you come?"
"I can't explain everything
now," said Fred rising to his feet.
"Let us not talk of it. A duty
has been imposed on me."

"Then do it," said Jack, with the
fire of determination in his eyes.
"Whenever you are forced by an
urgent duty, don't shrink from it,
but go straight up, seize it by the
forelock, and wrestle with it until
you have conquered."

"Jack, that is good advice, but
do you follow it yourself?"
"Well, now you've got me! I
tell you one thing, my young
friend, it is much easier to preach
than to practice."

"I believe you."
"But unless I am mistaken
Fred, you are entangled in the
meshes of about two dozen incom-
prehensible difficulties."

"Hardly so many, Jack."
"Well, I may be off a little on
number, but in quantity I am
right. Say, now Fred, aren't you
in a hole?"

"Well, yes; but I can't explain,
I won't explain."

"Does your father know of it?"
"No; and he shall not if I can
help it. My troubles are my own
and I must fight out my own sal-
vation in fear and trembling."

"That's a good maxim if you've
only got the grit to do it. But
don't let your troubles get the
best of you."

"I will try and not. I must go
now, Jack. I will call to see you
to-morrow."

"You need not."
"Why?"

"I'll not be here."
"Oh, pshaw; you will not be
able to go from the hospital for a
week yet."

"I think you are mistaken, my
dear young friend. The truth is,
my proud and independent spirit
chafes at the forced confinement
and restraint of a hospital, and I
shall avail myself of the first op-
portunity to take my departure."

Fred thought he was joking; but
when he called the next day he
learned that the patient had
gone.

"When did he go?" he asked of
the nurse.

"Sometime during the night.
He was discharged; but on some
pretense or another he got to the
door and bolted out, and that's
the last we have seen of him."

As Fred Riley went back to
his room he murmured to him-
self:

"A strange case. Indeed the
quickest individual I ever saw."

The street presented the usual
busy scene on this evening, and,
troubled as he was, Fred could
not but take some note of passing
events. The day had been fair
and the sun was setting in a veil
of fleecy clouds. The smoke from
steamers could be seen far down

at the water front. An organ-
grinder was turning a wheezy,
little instrument producing a mis-
erable sound which was certainly
a poor apology for music. Two
little children were dancing on the
pavement near and a withered fo-
male of dark, sallow complexion
with a baby on one arm, was car-
rying a tin cup around in which
an occasional passerby dropped a
nickel. The woman was the wife
of the organ grinder. The whole
family had come out on parade.

A little further down Fred saw
a Chinaman carrying a large bun-
dle on his arm. He went into a
laundry in the basement, and two
or three more almond-eyed celestials
could be seen in these busy
engaged in ironing clothes.

A huckster was on the corner of
the street yelling his wares in
sounds utterly incomprehensible
to any one. A rag and bottle man
with his push cart and bells was
adding to the general din. Noise,
dirt and squalid misery seemed to
prevail everywhere, and as Fred
gazed about on the scene he
thought what an unfavorable con-
trast it was with the old farm,
where all was quiet, peace and
tranquility. His father's servants
enjoyed a happiness that he knew
not here. He once more longed
for the black bird's carol, and plow
boy's whistle. As he paused a
moment, his fancy stirred by a
contrast, he said:

"Dear old farm, blessed home,
holy place, who would give up the
quiet joy of a country life for the
turmoil and misery of a city
home?"

"Hello," called a merry voice
from the sidewalk on the opposite
side of the street. "My dear young
unsophisticated friend, where
have you been?"

Looking up Fred saw a nonde-
script looking individual in rag and
dirt, vieing any of the squalid
misery he had witnessed. He was
coming at a limping trot across
the street, and with a laugh, ad-
dressed:

"It's an enchanting sight, ha,
ha, ha, my friend. A lover of the
grotesque confined in here."

"Jack, why did you leave the
hospital?"

"Because I am a lover of
liberty," laughed Jack. My liber-
ties were curtailed, and I decided
that my constitution and health
needed country air. By the way
my young friend, I have refrained
from doing any professional work
with you, but to admit the truth, I
am a little hard up."

"Do you want some money?"

"Just a little unsecured loan,
without interest, unlimited time
to pay it in. Truth is I am out of
cigarettes," laughed Jack.

"You had better buy you a pipe."

"I would, but it makes my
clothes smell so, I would be
ashamed to enter a lady's parlor."

"I suspect, Jack, that you want
this to buy liquor with," said Fred
handing him a silver half dol-
lar.

"Keep your suspicions to your-
self," Jack laughed, as you may
damage my prospects with the
temperance people.

Pocketing the half dollar, Jack
limped away down the street dis-
appearing into a saloon.

"There goes my half dollar in-
vestment," thought Fred. "In
half an hour he will be about as
drunk as a half dollar can make a
man. Ah, king! alcohol what a
list of crimes you will have to an-
swer for. This city seems to be
one den of iniquity. One sees
more sin and wickedness here ev-
ery day than I thought could ex-
ist when I was an innocent lad on
the farm. Almost every other
door is the entrance to a rum
hole and a young man must have
an iron resolution to resist its
temptations by which he is sur-
rounded."

Next day, as they were about to
close up the bank, Fred was in-
formed that some one had called
to see him.

"He is down at the door," said
the servant.

Hurrying down Fred saw Tom
Bright, his friend, and at the same
time, his rival. As Fred had par-
tially given up Mollie for the

more accomplished Miss Dash-
ington, he received Tom with
more fervor than usual.

"Well, Tom, what has brought
you here," Fred asked, gazing in-
to the honest sun browned face of
Bright.

"I came for the same purpose
you did. I am here to be a city
man."

"What Tom! You don't mean
you, too, have left the old farm?"

"Yes."
"Why?"

"Well, why did you?"

"Tom, I understand you now,
and I want to tell you that you
have made a great mistake."

"Tom Bright laughed and an-
swered:

"Fred, actions speak louder
than words. You wouldn't advise
me to come to the city, though you
would come yourself, while I toil,
work and sweat on the farm, turn-
ed brown as a berry by the sum-
mer's sun and frozen by the win-
ter's cold, you are in a comfortable
office, never too cool nor too hot,
with a pitcher of ice water or
mint julep at hand to slake your
thirst. The dust from the fields
never blinds your eyes and the
sun never blisters your hands."

"My God, Tom, could you know
all," gasped Fred, seizing his ri-
val's hand, could you know that it
is the heart that is blistered in the
city instead of the hands, you would
prefer the heat and dust of the
farm. Go back if you have any
regard for your future happiness;
go back before it is too late. The
city is like enchanted castles of
which we read in fairy stories,
once you get fully in them you
cannot turn back and dragons and
monsters are there to torture you
to death."

"Not much," laughed Tom. I
am not to be frightened in that
way. I have picked up a thing or
two myself. I hear nobody talked
of in the country but Mr. Fred
Riley. Fred Riley is too smart to
plow corn, or tend cotton. He is
a fellow of brains and has come to
the city. They can't get along in
the city without him, and Tom
Bright, the 'clod-hopper,' is no-
body. 'Now I am going to prove
to the people of Blue Grass that
there is somebody else who can live
in the city beside Mr. Fred Riley.
Father gave me my portion and I
have come to the city to make my
fortune."

Fred tried to dissuade Tom
from his resolution, but without
avail. Tom had determined to
become somebody, and to be some-
body he had to come to the city.

"What business are you going
to engage in," Fred asked.

"I don't know."

"What particular branch of
business have you fitted yourself
for?"

Tom had to admit that he had
not fitted himself for any particu-
lar branch of business. But then
he had a fair education and good
practical common sense, so he
thought he could do as well as
Fred had done.

"If I get into business in the
city," Tom thought, "then my
chance for winning Mollie will be
equal to Fred's. Mollie wants to
come to the city."

Tom Bright began a weary
search for employment. Many
and many a day did he tramp the
streets before a place was finally
secured. It was an humble posi-
tion, but Tom Bright hoped "to
grow." There is always room in
a city "to grow." If the people
could comprehend how little room
there actually is to grow, there
would be a great revolution in
thought.

Fred had assisted Tom all he
could. Though Tom had been his
rival, and of late years there had
been a slight coolness between
them, Fred was a generous rival
and never harbored up malice
against his school mate.

Fred was really sorry that a bet-
ter position could not be procured
for Tom. But Tom assured him
that he would soon work his way
into something better.

"I will let them know at home
that I can make my way in the
city as well as Fred. Maybe he
will not be all the talk of the coun-

try as he has been." True Tom
was only an office boy in a lively
stable, but he intended to grow.

Fred Riley one morning receiv-
ed a letter in his father's own
hand writing. He felt his heart
give spasmodic thumps and his
breath came short and quick as he
opened the envelope and read:

BLUEGRASS FARM, June 1, '91.

MY DEAR SON: We received
your letter, and it almost broke
your mother's heart to learn that
you were not coming home this
summer. Why don't you give up
the business and come home? The
old place don't seem to be what it
was since ye have been gone. Your
favorite colt is suffering for want
of exercise; your dog sits on the
stile and watches the road for
you. Your mother thinks every
sound must be your coming home.

Lizzie is at the gate every evening
looking down the big road and
sighing, and she and Mollie have
had many secret talks about you.
We all want you to come home
and stay so bad. Can't you come?

Your father, JOHN RILEY.

Fred broke down at conclusion
of the letter, and cried.

"My God, what can I do. I am
a slave here; a prisoner working
out a term of penal servitude. I
can not go and this disgrace would
kill them."

CHAPTER VIII.

AN UNFAVORABLE COMPARISON.

Mr. Bank came in on Fred a few
moments after he had finished
reading his letter and perceiving
his agitation asked him the cause
of it. For a moment Fred hesi-
tated to tell him, but at last ven-
tured to do so, and laid the letter
before Mr. Banks. Adjusting
his glasses upon his nose, the
banker read the letter and fold-
ing it thoughtfully, returned it
to the envelope. He had not
spoken a word, nor by any expres-
sion of his face could Fred deter-
mine what his feelings in the mat-
ter were.

"You know all Mr. Banks. You
fully understand my position. I
was to go home to stay this sum-
mer, and but for that unfortunate
shortage, would have been there."

Up to this time Mr. Banks had
been sitting with pursed lips, and
now he said—

"I am not responsible for the
unfortunate shortage."

"Neither am I."

"If you can explain it, you can
go."

"But I can't Mr. Banks. I am
here a penal slave, working out a
two years' sentence for a crime I
never committed."

The banker's brow grew dark.

"It's very unfortunate," he said,
"But I don't see how it can be
helped. What am I to do in the
matter? The money is missing,
and the bank must not suffer. The
bank is innocent, we know."

"So am I. Had not the bank
better suffer than I?"

"No, I could send you to the
penitentiary if I wanted to, but
Fred, I will never do that." His
manner suddenly changed. "No
I will never disgrace you, and the
world shall never know aught of
it. Leave it all to me. I will write
him a letter praising his son, and
tell him your services are indis-
pensable to me, and that I can't
give you up. I will write it in
such a light that he will be flatter-
ed and your mother happy, and
you can remain the two years, re-
fund all the amount that is miss-
ing, and let us hope that some-
thing may turn up before the end
of your service comes that will
expose the real criminal."

"God in heaven grant that it
may!" ejaculated poor Fred who
was suffering untold misery.

The banker almost instilled new
life into him. He wrote a cheerful
letter to his parents. Mr. Banks
also wrote to Fred's father and
made a very plausible story which
pleased his parents.

"One can't but be proud of such
a boy," said Mr. Riley.

"Yes, but I'd rather have him
home, sighed Mrs. Riley, brush-
ing a gathering moisture from her
eyes. Somehow her mother's
heart told her that her son was
not happy, and there seemed
something so selfish in the letter
of the banker that even his praise
sounded like hollow mockery. But

the parents having the peace of
their son at heart wrote him as
cheerful a letter as they could
write, and the letter was indeed a
ray of sunshine over a cloudy day
to poor Fred. It seemed to lift a
great weight from his heart.

"There is always good luck in
what seems to be misfortune," said
Mr. Briggs to Fred one day. "Now
who knows but that being forced
to stay here to make up the small
defalcation may be the very mak-
ing of you."

"I hope it may."

"You will grow to be a great
business man."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"Let us hope it may all turn out
for the best," sighed poor Fred.

One evening Fred received a
small delicately perfumed note
addressed in a neat feminine hand
to him. It was from Miss Dash-
ington, and asked the pleasure of
his company at a whist party on
the next evening. She assured
him that the party was to be an
informal affair, only a few friends
were to be invited, and it was hop-
ed he would find it convenient to
be one of their number.

Fred accepted the invitation
and went.

There was only a few of the
most intimate friends of Miss
Dashington. The bright parlor
was like a paradise. She had
gone to no great pains to specially
decorate it for the occasion, but
then Miss Dashington's parlors
were always in good order, and
needed very little decoration. She
had added a few bouquets of choice
flowers, and one or two of the
heavy framed pictures were en-
twined with wreaths and a mass of
roses were banked against one of
the panels in the hall. The par-
lor was one of those old fashioned
Southern parlors to be found only
in Kentucky.

Most of the guests had arrived
when Fred came. Miss Dash-
ington, who was richly attired in a
gandy, flaming, evening costume,
her fair throat and arms bare to
the shoulders blazing with jewels,
met him at the parlor door and
grasped his hand in a lovely
squeeze and smiled so bewitching-
ly that Fred's head was turned.

She hoped he was well and that
he was enjoying himself. The
weather was just a little warm she
thought, but she hoped they
would have a few days more of
cool weather soon. Did Mr.
Riley know Mr. H. and Mr. S.;
was he acquainted with Miss T.
and Miss B?

He had met all the friends of
Miss Dashington and no introduc-
tion was necessary. In a few mo-
ments all were seated in the cozy
parlor and the tongues of the
pretty Kentucky girls began to
wag, as only the tongue of a Ken-
tucky girl can.

Miss Dashington, although not
a Kentuckian by birth, and al-
though she had been but a few
months in Louisville, imagined
herself a thorough Kentuckian.

You were the hero of quite an
adventure, Mr. Riley?" said Miss
Dashington.

"To what do you refer," he asked.

"Do you really have so many
startling adventures that you fail
to recall this one?"

"I certainly don't remember of
being the hero of any adventure,"
he answered.

"I refer to the carriage running
away with you."

"I was certainly not the hero of
that adventure," he answered.

"But you came near being kill-
ed."

"I did, and for aught I may have
done I would have been killed. I
was rescued by an unfortunate
tramp, who calls himself Happy
Jack, and although he is only a
tramp, he has some noble quali-
ties, for he risked his life for
me."

"Oh, tell us all about it," cried
the young ladies, and they gather-
ed about him, their bright eyes
gleaming with interest as he told
how he had been rescued from
death by Happy Jack.

"He is, indeed, a noble fellow,"
said Miss Dashington at the con-
clusion of his simple narrative.

Fred glanced at the beautiful
woman who was the loveliest and
most attractive of all in the room
and saw that her eyes were moist.
She was possessed of a heart and
a noble soul.

Then he began anew the oft re-
peated task of comparison. He
tried to mentally place Mollie
Squires along side the Kentucky
beauty.

The comparison was decidedly
unfavorable for the farmer girl.
Fred was in love with Miss
Dashington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He said: "My love I am very
sorry to disappoint you about the
picnic, but my trotter has a lame
foot." That's nothing! We've got
plenty of Salvation Oil.

The Detroit Free Press Friend
has been running on Dr. Bull's
Cough Syrup. His is only grati-
tude, for all thinking men know
its merits.—(Exch.)

To look profitably forward, we
must look back. Experience of
the past is the best light for the
future.

A person who tells you the faults
of others, intends to tell others of
your faults. Have a care how you
listen.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis.,
was troubled with Neuralgia and
Rheumatism, his Stomach was
disordered, his Liver was affected
to an alarming degree, appetite
fell away, and he was terribly re-
duced in flesh and strength. Three
bottles of Electric Bitters cured
him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg,
Ill., had a running sore on his leg
of eight years' standing. Used
three bottles of Electric Bitters
and seven boxes of Bucklen's
Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound
and well. John Speaker, Catawba,
O., had five large Fever sores on
his leg, doctors said he was in-
curable. One bottle Electric Bi-
tters and one box Bucklen's Arnica
Balm cured him entirely. Sold by
B. F. Henry's Drugstore.

Report of Pleasant Hill school
commencing September 7 and closing
October 2; number of pupils
enrolled 42; number of days at-
tended by all pupils 676; average
number of pupils attending each
day 34; names of those in attend-
ance each day during the month
are Mary, Dixie and Esther Ely,
Hattie and George Sullivan, Mary,
Henry and Jackie Low, Hattie,
Byrd and Emma Foster, Charlie
Mundon, Gideon Floyd and Ed-
ward Swetnam.

SUSIE E. ALLCOTT, Teacher.

First monthly report of the Star
school, district 8, township 61,
range 13, for the term commencing
the 7th day of September and end-
ing the 24th day of October, 1891.
Number of pupils enrolled during
the month, 50; whole number days
attended by all pupils 777; average
number of pupils attending each day
39; average number days attended
by each pupil 15; number of days
taught 20; the names of those at-
tending every day of the month
are, Tallie, Zack, Albert and Wal-
ter Shouse, Lizzie Edmonds, Ollie
Carlton, Zelma Conkling, Elsie
Baker, Henry and Roy Chadwell.

A.